## BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD-WAY LOUNGER.

During the week an old New-Yorker of Dutch stock said to me: " My brother bought about the close of the war a corner lot on Fifth-ave., five or six squares from the Park gate, on which was not one brick or board
—a mere lot. He gave \$35,000 for it, being at that time
a man worth a million and a hait. He went to Europe
to stay a year and left me power of attorney over hig property. One day I was walking past the s surprised to see a bill stuck up on it, 'For Sale.' took down the address on the bill, and called on the real-estate man and asked him how much he was offering that corner lot for. He answered \$50,000. Said I ready for met. He said be thought in about a week, and asked for my name. When I gave him my card, the name being the same as that of my brother, he turned red and began to cringe. Said I: 'Now, you secondrel, take that bill within two hours off that fence, 'or I will have you arrested.' He wriggled a good deal and tried to get my temper down, and said finally: 'Indeed, sir we often do a thing of this kind to tempt a good offer that may be happening along, and then we communicate with the owner, and perhaps make sale to our own good profit, and not to the injury of the seller either.' 'Never mind,' said I, 'if that notice is on that fence when I go out to drive this afternoon I will send a policeman to

To continue the above story, my Knickerbocker friend "Well, in the course of two or three weeks the same real-estate agent came to me with a bona-fide offer of \$65,000 from a customer, which was an increase on that corner lot in Fifth ave. of \$30,000. I telegraphed my brother in Europe and his answer was to use my own discretion about selling. I then went to an honorable real-estate man and asked him for advice. Said he: 'If I were you I would not sell it.' 'Well,' said I, 'will you put the property on your list and see what you can get There is no hurry about it, but just nurse i Well, sir," continued the Knickerbocker, " finally sold that lot for \$98,000, a profit of \$63,000. few years after the same lot was sold for \$135,000, o \$100,000 increase in a few years."

"Now tell me," said I to my Knickerbocker friend " Only 25 by 100 feet " what was the size of that lot ?" merely such a lot as many a plain family has in this and every other city." "What are the taxes on that lot now t" said I. " They cannot be less than \$5,000 a year. The man who gave \$135,000 for the lot has erected upon It a house which with his furniture has cost him at least The interest, therefore, on the investment is about \$14 000 a year. Add taxes, \$5,000, and it come along to nearly \$20,000; and then it will cost that man to live, on a scale commensurate with his house, \$25,000 a year, making \$45,000, yes, \$50,000, my friend, for the rivilege of living at a corner of Fifth-ave.

My informant then drew back and with a swell of his great Knickerbocker nose thus harangued me: "I tell you, my boy, there are no people in the world wno live at the fgure that rich men in New-York do. The rich men of London do not speud the money that hundreds of such persons as I have described above get away with to keep flue houses in New-York. I have a friend who says to me: 'Well I have got a million and a half well invested, yet I am not much more than a solvent pauper in this city.' " "What did he mean by that?" "Why, he meant that his fortune was a mere song compared to the really rich men around him. A million dol lars had ceased to have any distinguishing quality in New-York. The man who thus spoke to me was born on this island of very plain parents, and had far more money than he had ever expected to see, and perhaps lived or ten thousand a year, but he meant that his fortune did not procure for him anything of the superiority he had expected in this city.

I was talking with Mr. C. G. Barber, President Jowsistant, about the extension of the Eric Railroad from Hawley to Scranton, a distance of perhaps sixty Barber said: "We are going to build that line in order to get our legitimate supply of coal. There are two railroads now running in there,—the l'eunayi-vania Coal Compeny's and the Delaware and Hudson's graded lines. Those tracks are se full of tonnage belong-ing to the roads themselves that we are forced to build to get at the coal. We shall build at any rate to Seran ton, and may continue further on among the mines.'
This suggested to me that there will be much more rail road built during the present year than was anticipate for built during the process of the state of the works ago, when it was commonly said in Wall Street that no new enterprise could be floated.

Speaking to a veteran operator who has not been ver fortunate in the past two or three years, but still pre-serves his good sense, and from his misfortunes is perhaps the better qualified to give an opinion, he said: " My observation is that all the strong men down-town are bulls, and the bear interest is nervous and has entirely failed to make any capital out of the yarns they have ous condition. Mr. Keene is now called a 'Has-Been, and it has struck everybody with blank astonishment to read that he recently mortgaged his house at Newport What do you make of that!" said I. "Why, I can only make of it that he has chipped in to almost every thing, and being chipped off here and there, the aggre gate chips have brought him flat. He does not hold an controlling power in the street to-day, nor is his judg ment regarded as determining much of anything. "What do you think of Vanderbilt?" "I can only observe that he has kept the fortune his father left him in remarkable activity. A little while ago when he sold a block of his Central stock it was interpreted to be tim idity, but look at the ground he has covered since tha First Michigan Central, next the Northwestern and now they say the Illinois Central, besides his Cana dian road and the Omaha and Nickel Plate purchase and finally extensive operations in Pennsylvania, while in my judgment, wid assist to put Pennsylvania in ter or fifteen years ahead of this State in population.

"Look at it," observed my Nestorian friend; " much o the railroad-building of the whole country is pointing toward Pennsylvania. Coal and iron, and particularly coal, are attracting toward that State all the ratiroads i New-York. Here are the Erie, the Central and the Rochester State lines reaching for new avenues to Penn sylvania. The old Cumberland Valley has become the line of a new route to the South, and the southern por tion of the State is now to be crossed westward, makin die and western Pennsylvania, on the northern line, are The population of Pennsylvania at the last censu was nearly 4,300,000, and that of New-York less than While New-York is growing magnificently particularly in her cities, her country parts are not de veloping like Pennsylvania. We shall, I think, keep dance from her by the growth of New-York City and Brooklyn, which nothing seems to arrest " friend: "How much railroad do vo anticipate will be built during 1883?" three thousand miles, and it may be six thousand. You must remember that two new trunk lines to Buffalo are not finished by any means, and they will come into thi year's work. The Reading Railroad extensions of various kinds in Pennsylvania will amount to several hu dred miles. Indeed, there is no large trunk system that is not building something this year.

I observed that among the burned bodies in the rail road accident in California were identified Lieutenant Governor Downey's wife and Major Larrabee. Both of these I knew. Twenty-one years ago in the camp of the 5th Wisconsin Regiment, whose Colonel is now a judge in Nebraska, I found Larrabee, a Democrat, of French extraction, who having been beaten for Congress by the rise of the war spirit, had taken up his sword and wa major of that regiment which won Hancock's first en comium on the field of Williamsburg from the steady was in which the Wisconsin boys met the enemy's charges Not reaching the distinction be expected, the major settle in Oregon, and I met him ter years afterward, still a politician and with his eye still set on Congress, though it was destined not to be. Mrs. Downey was of Spanish descent, one of those pretty and graceful Mexican ladies whom the better class of Americans pressed into matrimony, and not only secured their interesting persons but also land and cattle. I spent an evening at Governor Downey's house with General Stoneman, and in th whirligig of time he has been made Governor while our amlable hostess has met her fate from the very instrumentality which was expected to connect the City of the Angels with the larger world beyond the mountains and bring light and comfort instead of fire and death.

TAINUNE reader sends me these quaint paragraphs he says he traced to old John Adams, our second and one of our clearest-headed Presidents. He pitched into the slaveholding lords in a letter to General Horatio Gates as early as March, 1776: "My dear friend Gates, all our misfortunes rise from a single source, the reluc-tance of the Southern colonies to republican government which are so athorrent to the inclinations of the baron of the South and the proprietary interests in the Middle states, as well as to that avarice of land which has made this confluent so many votatios to Mammon that I

metimes dread the consequences." He paid this tribute to Washington on his death: " Misfortune, had he lived, could hereafter have suilted his glory only with e superficial minds who, believing that characters and actions are marked by success atone, rarely deserve to enjoy it." A little previous to this he wrote to his wife: "I have no idea that I shall be chosen President a second time, though this is not to be talked of. The business of the office is so oppressive 'that I shall hardly support it two years longer. To-night I must go to the ball, where I suppose I shall get a cold and have to eat gruel for break ast for a week afterward. This will be no pur ishment."

A prominent dry-goods commission merchant said to me that during the holidays he anticipated a very dulyear for business, but in January the signs had all strengthened in favor of a booming year. There was a particularly good New-York trade with Oregon and Calfornia. Nevertheless there were 20,000 looms in Eastern Pennsylvania, including Philadelphia, idle, and that amounted to the idleness of 10,000 operatives, two looms being considered occupation for one person. The stocks of goods through the country have been much depleted. large as they were, through the habits of the people not having suffered any check by the doubts which had been formed in the large cities of the year's prospects. and therefore there was a demand for more goods.

A steamship man recently told me that while the Americans were coveting a share of the large British commerce on the North Atlantic, they had saved themselves considerable worry and probably loss, because from various reasons steamship freights had been very unequal and uncertain, and profits were exceptional among the corporations. One of the greatest of these maritime companies had watered its stock and sold it to the general British public, and it was only paying 2 per cent a year. In another case remarkable losses of ressels had absorbed the profits. In a third case an old established line barely made 3 per cent, and often could not get freight to Europe sufficient for ballast, on account of the higher prices of produce and grain prevailing here than in Liverpool. Another line managed to exist and earn small profits by paying the minimum prices for officers and labor. Several ships of which great things had been expected had turned out failures, and the largest one of all had to be completely rebuilt. This loss of carrying matter and of consequent respectable rates of freight had extended to the German and other lines, and while cabin passengers had increased in number during the warm months and there had been a very good steerage business, still the competition was extraordinary, and Americans would not be contented with the average

The same competition existed among the ship-builders, who, to keep their yards active, had taken large in-terests in the different lines, and suffered with the other stockholders by a possibly artificial retarding of freights from this side. European freights to America had become very small under the operations of the American tariff and the reduced prices for iron, woolien goods, etc. For two or three years much gloom had existed among the lines trading to America, notwithstanding the prolifle pature of the ship-building interest, which was per petually forcing new and larger vessels into the trade, while the "ocean tramps," as that great class of ships without any fixed destination is styled, had multiplied almost to thousands and had cut the rates in every di-rection, managed very much like the old Yankee sailing ships, where the shipping-master was at once a merchant and a navigator, and ran between any points that would furnish him freights, cutting living down to starvation lines. My informant said that steam shipping had resolved itself to two points: extreme economy of feeding and paying the crews, and obtaining something to carry from a country like ours, which was so rapidly filling up that, vast as its crops and productions were, a bad o moderate year gave it but little to send away. "Compared to the profits of American railroads," said my friend, " the profits of ocean steam shipping are all

The time may come when we shall see hotels down town again as far as the Battery. I know a bank president who lives in the third or fourth story of his bank building, and has his room elegantly furnished with paintings, bric-a-brac, rare books, prints, and a genial aldeboard, and he says that he often entertains gentle men, and sometimes ladies, in his Bohemian nest, and frequently does not come up-town of nights for a week. and is just as near Brooklyn as New-York, and can put dimself at the City Hall of the former city in fifteen minutes. There is more suggestion down-town to an historical mind than in the new palaces of upper Fifthave. In the former Morse kept his frugal studio, and ave. In the torner shows kep as regarder the winters, while the first Congress assembling under the Constitution was dispersed all through the little streets like Cherry and Beaver, which now accommodate wineagents, emigrant-runners and tenement-houses; but there has been less transformation of this old portion of the town than in the new parts above Fourteenth-st. In the summer particularly, the parts of New-York ad Jacent to the Battery are freshoned by a sea breeze and are most available to the steamboats which cross the bay to the coasts, the islands, and up both rivers, while hot locomotion from far up-town to summer business can necessary, spending the evenings off in the harbor.

absorbed in schemes to outwit or perplex England, the older Irish patriotic components of New-York are very lethargic about the griefs of modern Ireland. The descendants of Robert Lannet's brother are quite numer ous here, and are not only conservative citizens bu pronounce their words more in the Pall Mall than the Eackville-st. style. Mr. O'Gorman, who has just as-cended the bench by the votes of his Irish fellow-citizens, has had little to say for a long time about Irish woes and thinks Burke the greatest Irishman, Tory as he was while other former patriots, after the fashion of D'Arcy McGee, have rather repented of the foliles of their youth and become advocates of the English system. The best use an Irishman can be put to in America. said one of these former enthusiasts to me, " is to absort himself completely in the most progressive American school and show what Irishmen can do, by assisting all good enward movements and liberal things in the land of his adoption, where his children are to dwell. If Ireland were now thrown open," continued this gentleman for a backward emigration from America, with an Islah Parliament on Dublin Green, therewould not be enough patronage to affect the fortunes of one single steamship line. A movement toward Ireland would fall as flat as in orthodox Jewish movement to go and settle and re

While the obscurer and newer Irish elements are muc

The Lotes Club building at the corner of Twenty first st. and Fifth-ave, has been leased for five years for \$12,500 a year, an increase of more than \$3,000 over the lease just expiring. It is presumed that the taxes on this property amount to nearly \$2,000. A building on one of the adjacent corners, not as elaborate interiorly rents for \$18,000. New-York clubs continue without exactly flourishing, because the Americans are not a club-bable race, having given their attention to their homes on the one side and their business on the other, and most of the New-York clubs show two needs, the first of misrellaneous evening patrons, to beguile the time bette than it can be filled at public amusements or at home: and next, the want of business connections at the clubs, out of which suggestion, and acquaintances will arise for

The extension of prenoms, which is noticed in some o the aristocratic English families, is not wholly unknown in this country. The name of the wife of Senator George Pendleten is "Mary Alleia Lloyd Nevins Key." Where there is a large and refined family connection, as in some of the old Maryland families, there is a frequent strainilies is frequently very different from the presumptio of Present days. Mrs. Pendleton's ancestor was not a Cavaller but a Puritan expelled from Virginia, by the Barings, which has so many distinguished and titled in termarriages, was a poor blacksmith in Philadelphia. Three of the richest families in New-York are said to b derived from a watermelon-pedier, a milkman, and an eyster-opener. The president of one of the great trunk lines through the country was a greengrocer and butter merchant. There are two great edifices in New-York, the Drezel Building and the Morse Building, which original nated in two travelling artists-the one taking portraits in New-Hampshire at \$15 apiece, and the other painting through Mexico and saving his money to become a

An old gentleman of New-York told me recently that John G. Saxe, who is said to be living in his own house, permanently lost his health and locomotive powers by lecturing in the winter season, thereby being compelled to incur the dangers of railroad travel, and in a collision which happened he sustained a spinal or nervous shock which reduced him to a wreck, and for years he did not which reduces thin to a wrees, and for years an did not know what it was to have half a night's sieep. He could see no company because he was in such bedily pain that he could not speak with them. Mr. Saxe is said to be of a German father who settled in New-England.

last week, I made pretexts to call into the twenty odd places there where models are being made for patent chemes to become the basis of stock corporations. Everywhere electricity seemed to be playing its part

with mechanics. As Wall Street is grappling in the Prof. nce Exchange on one side, it is drawing in mech

General Butler, of Massachusetts, seems to be restless in his office, though he has been twenty-five years after it, and is seriously confemplating the Senate, proving that " man never is, but always to be blest," as Pope in rather poor rhetoric expresses it. General Butler clai that his father, who was a sailor 'in a small vessel, like Vanderbilt, did some service under Andrew Jackson at New-Orleans, and hence his elder brother was named for the old hero, while the same tradition took both brothers into the Democracy, and the elder was one of the henchmen of Broderick in California, while the younger, after graduating in Maine to the great delight of the faculty. with whom he was on constant terms of mutiny, settled down in Lowell and never succeeded in reaching any office previous to the Rebellion except going once to the Assembly and once to the State Senate. He ran twice for Governor, however, before the war, but his support of Jefferson Davis for fifty ballots at Charleston, ran his party vote down from 50,000 to 6,000. Having kept his osition in the militia from early manhood, it was hardly n the province of Governor Andrew to refuse him the brigadier's commission which was sent on from Wash-ington for the Governor to fill out, and he is therefore an example to our young militiamen of the old saying that he who has been faithful over one thing shall finally rule over many. Staying in the militia service when he could e elected nowhere else, he stepped into the war at the very head of the State column, and his remarkable devery head of the State column, and his remarkance de-tective abilities soon recommended him to be the Pro-vost-Marshal of three great cities in turn: Baltimore, New-Orleans and New-York. He wanted to hang the three rebel commissioners who came to Washington with overtures for a treaty with the Union Government, but this not being allowed by Buchanan and Black, he did hang Mumford somewhat later; and Mr. French, who is now at Butler's side, is the man, it is said, who superintended the hanging.

Ex-Mayor Wickham recently said to me: "White a great deal of money is given in this city for cortain oldgreat deal of money is given in this city for cortain old-fashioned and very respectable charities. I have often wondered that some of our merchants, appreciating the almost desocialized condition of thousands of bright young men who have come here to learn business, do not endow an evening club for such salesmen and bookteepers who now must live in little cold rooms in boarding-houses, where they have no other company than happens to be assembled at the common table or in the little parlor. Another beneficence which is much needed in New-York, and which would get the blessing of men and Heaven," said Mr. Wickham, "would be the establishment of store-houses from which the poor could buy their coal, flour, potatoes, etc., in small quantities without incurring the enormous shave they now have to stand from the small groceries which put up a \$5 ton of coal to \$20 and a barrel of flour to \$15 by giving small neasure and selling by the shilling's worth. At least one of these charities would be self-supporting, for in t makes them the prey of so many middle-men; and if the average rich man had to pay for his coal and provisions, and his lodgings too, in proportion to what the poor man pays, he could not stand the expense of living in

I was told by a fellow Senator in Washington that Mr. Dorsey was in no great danger of a conviction; the trial seems to languish and Colonel Bliss is more interested in the New-York patronage than in the dry figures of old mail frauds. Mr. Lydecker tells me that he thinks the President will merely fill with other names the two com nissions soon to expire in the Custom House, Graham's and Burt's, and let the rest alone. Howard's office was without specified term. Since Conkling withdrew the grandeurs of his soul from President Arthur, George Bliss and General Grant are the lion and the unicorn, and the sign is: "Uphoisterer to the United States, C A. Arthur, Agent." The new curtains and fringes and so forth are quite lady-like at the White House now. As Charles O'Conor said of Ward Hunt: "He is a very ady-like judge."

## REMINISCENCES OF WEBSTER.

From The Boston Journal.

The Whigs of New-York and Boston, wishing to show their appreciation of Mr. Webster, contributed a large sum to enable him to purchase a suitable residence at Washington and to live there during the negotiation with Lord Ashburton in good style. He selected a house facing the northeastern corner of Lafayetto-square, which had been built by Thomas Swann, who had been engaged in mercantile pursuits at Alexandria and at Washington, and whose son has been in recent years Governor of thie pursuits at Alexandria and at Washington, and whose son has been in recent years Governor of Maryland and a Representative in Congress from Battimore. Moving into this house, Mr. Wobster lived in becoming style, entertaining nearly all of the Senators and many of the Representatives. He was not able, however, to pay for the house, which fell into the hands of William W. Corcorau, the banker-benefactor of Washington, who has since resided there, although he has greatly enlarged and improved it. mproved it. Soon after Mr. Webster had removed into his new

house Messra. Moses H. Grinnell. Richard M. Blatchford and Simeon Draper, of New-York, were one day his guests at dinner. While lingering at table over the raisins and Maderia, Mr. Grinnell said: "I have a great favor to ask of you, Mr. Webster." "You can ask no favor which will not be tinued Mr. Grinnell, "Mr. Washington Irving finds it necessary to have access to the Spanish archives in completing his life of Coinmbus, and will soon leave for Spain. As the Consulate at Macrid is vacant, Blatchford, Draper and myself, without Mr. Irving's knowledge, have determined to ask you to appoint him." Mr. Webster, after quite a panse, inquired: "Do I understand you. Mr. Grinnell, as asking the appointment of Washington Irving as Consul at Madrid!" Mr. Grinnell said that they had determined to make the request and he hoped that Mr. Webster would grant it. Mr. Webster listened attentively, then straightening himself in his chair, said, in his deep bass voice, "Why not Mindred." Pleanagentary to Spain, sirt! This was toned attentively, then straightening himself in his chair, said, in his deep bass voice. "Why not Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain, sir?" This was more than the New-Yorkers had thought of asking for, and they did not say a word. The sitting at table was prelonged for some little time, but no further allusion was made to it. The next day the appointment of Mr. Irving as Eavoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary was announced. He went to Spain and remained there as Minister for several years.

When Lord Ashburton arrived here in 1842, Mr. Henry Stephen Fox was the regularly accredited

Henry Stephen Fox was the regularly accredited British Minister, and Sir Frederick Bruce was one of a numerous staff who attended the banker-dip-lomat. Lady Ashburton was the daughter of Will-British Minister, and Sir Frederica. These was one of a numerous staff who attended the banker-diplomat. Lady Ashburton was the daughter of William Bingham, a distinguished Philadelphia merchant, who was a Senator from Pennsylvania in Congress in 1795-1801. Among the distinguished Frenchmen who visited Philadelphia was the Count of Tilly, a talented young nobleman who made love to Miss Bingham and persuaded her to clope with him. Mr. Bingham, a very honest and well-meaning man, not very distinguished except for his wealth, was very much mortified at this rash step of his daughter, then only sixteen years of age. Great indignation was expressed, and Captain Barry, who commanded a packet-ship, gave the Count a severe thrashing. It was soon evident that all he cared for was the girl's money, and having entered into negotiations by which he recei ed \$25,000 in cash and an annuity of \$3,000 a year more, he left for France, and the marriage was declared frandulent. A young English merchant named Baring subsequently visited Philadelphia with letters to Mr. Bingham, and forming an attachment for his daughter, married her and carried her to England. He became in time the head of the great banking house of Baring & Brother, was created a Baron with the title of Lord Ashburton, and returned to this country when sixty-seven years of age as an Envoy Extraordinary, charged with the settlement of certain disputed questions. He brought his butler, cook and wines, and dispensed munificent hospitality at the Mattnew St. Clair Clark house, not far from the readence of Arr. Webster which he leased dering his stay. Never since then have Senators enjoyed such successions of good dinners as those given by Lord Ashburton and Daniel Webster.

At a dinner given by Mr. Webster, when Secretary of State, to General Cass, on his return from France, Mr. Webster requested Mr. Fageot, the Freach Minister, "a you speak the languages she understands, French and Spanish, which I do

France, Mr. Webster requested Mr. Fageot, the French Minister, to take his seat next the wife of the Spanish Minister, "as you speak the languages she understands, French and Spanish, which I do not speak." Before going in to dunner Mr. Pageot took Mr. Fletcher Webster, the son of the Secretary, aside and inquired: "Am I invited here to be insulted? Am I invited as Minister of France or oot?" Mr. Fletcher Webster said he did not understand the object of the inquiry. While the explanation was being made dunner was announced, and Miss Cass was left without an escort. To relieve her from embarrassment, Mr. Barnard, of Albany, uffered his services. Just at this moment Mr. Pageot offered himself as escort to Miss Cass, and Mr. Barnard retired. Mr. Pageot did not address a word to Miss Cass, but made snappish replies to her and she then gave him no further consideration, but fancied he was ill. On their return to the drawing-room Mr. Pageot made known his griefs to General Cass, who disregarded them as unworthy of consideration. Not long afterward Mr. Pageot gave a dinner, to which Mr. Webster was invited. No notice was taken of him, then Secretary of State. The Postmaster-General, Mr. Wickliffe, had the post of honor, and Mr. Webster seated himself among the most humble at the table. This premeditated insult was not noticed by the Secretary of State, but Mr. and Mrs. Webster cased to visit Mr. and Mrs. Pageot. After a while Mr. Webster met Mr. Pageot at the table of Mr. Bodisco, the Russian Minister. Mr. Pageot endeavored to appear dignified, but Mr. Webster carelessly took hold of a decanter, and looking at the French Minister, and, "A glass of wine with you, Mr. Pageot," and he had to swallow it.

Mr. Tilden's Democratic Advance has an ar-ticle on "How to Wash a Baby." This gives some color to the statement that Mr. Tilden has retired from poli-tics.-iCineinesti Enouicer.

ON THE CHOICE OF WEATHER. From The Boston Transcript. Shall I desire
The blossomed languorous months my realm to be,
And south winds blowing from the sea? Shall I desire
The dewy meadow
In warmth and shadow,
Aud oaks that sunbeams crest with tangled fire? Ab, no! sh, no!
But close about my castle, age on age,
The starry winter for my heritage:
Ab, no! sh, no!
But lone bright mountains,
And prisoned fountains,
The enchanted silence and the reaming snow.
L. I. GUINEY.

RANDIE'S ADVENTURE

Ab, no! sh, no!

Everybody is telling a tale just now, so I do not see why I should not try and contribute my mite; more especially when—as it happens in my case—there is something really worth telling. Perhaps it is rather a horrible tale; but many years have elapsed since the circumstances about to be recorded occurred; and although every incident is painted indetibly on my mind, some of the nervous horror with which I used to think of it has passed away. It is better so; yet long as I live I never can entirely blot the recollection from off my brain where n at one time every act was written in letters of fire. But without any more preamble, I will begin, and let facts speak for thomselves, telling my tale in the best way that I can—just as it really happened. Everybody is telling a tale just now, so I do not

tale in the best way that I can—just as it really happened.

There was a party of us sitting in our coay dining room—three girls and three boys—busy preparing texts and decorations for merry Christmas. Which was nearly on us, it having got to Christmas. Eve. Our father was a country doutor, and we were not at all rich; but we were healthy and strong, and a merry party—eight of us in all—two younger ones being upstairs in the nursery. We were laughing and chatting, when the door opened, and mamma joined us. Mamma had not been well lately, and the cold seemed to tell op her very much. Koy, our oldest brother, ever polite, drew a chair near the fire for her.

fire for her.
'Thanks,' she said, smiling gratefully; 'I am not

Thanks,' she said, smiling gratefully; 'I am not going to stay. I have come to see which of you can spare the time to go to Farmer Longton's for me.'
'I will, mother,' replied Key readily. 'I seem to be the only idle one liere.'
'You are wanted, unfortunately, elsewhere,' said mamma, 'or I know I could have depended on you. Your father requires you in the surgery; there is more dispensing to be done than he will manage alone.'

Key made a comically, wry face and, walked of.

Moy made a comically wry face and walked oft. His services were often in requisition, and he was ever ready to be of use. He little thought how thankful he would afterward have cause to feel for

thankful he would afterward have cause to feel for being summoned away just then.

Well, Matilda and Janet, exclaimed mamma, 'are you teady for a walk! It is not so far, and if you do not start soon you will have the dark come on you. I am quite uneasy about the turkey they promised to send; moreover, there is a bottle of medicine for olu Job. 'We cannot go, really, mamma, dear,' replied Matilda, raising her fair face and golden head from the text, 'For unto us a Son is born,' which she was elaborately tilum mating in gorgeous colors. 'We are, as usual, all behind time now. The turkey will arrive sans doule—you are generally increased and Bankes can leave the physic stuff on his way home. We really cannot spare the time.'

will arrive sans doule—you are generally Enervous—
and Bankes can leave the physic stuff on his way
home. We really cannot spare the time.

'No: impossible? joined in Janet.

And Ethel has a cold,' deliberated mamma. She
was not annoyed at her daughters' refusal to go,
because she saw the necessity for their keeping to
their decorations. She only wondered what was to
be done. The nurse girl in the nursery was fully
singaged, while our general servant, as she was
called, was up to the eyes in work.

'I think I shall have to go myself,' declared our
mater, all of a sudden. 'There seems nobody else—
Randolph's throat is sore, and Ernest is too young.
Yea, I will put my things on.'

'You, mamma—you!' we exclaimed all round.
'Oh, you must not. Papa will be angry. Matiida or
Janet will sacrifice their work sooner than let you
risk your health.'

'Willingly,' they exclaimed.

'No, my dears,' replied mamma. 'You are very
kind; but I think, well wrapped up, a brisk waik
will do me good. Ernie shall accompany ime—he
will be quite a companion. We shall be back
before dark.

'Let me go too, mamma,' pelitioned I cagerly.
'My throat is quite well; it is inuced, and I hate

Let me go too. mamma, petitioned I cagerly. 'My throat is quite well; it is inuced, and I hate being coddled up like a girl. Besides, it is such a treat going with you; such a rare one lately.'

Mamma hesitated; she did not like to refuse. She scarcely thought it wise to accede. I saw my

chance.
'I am quite as well as you are,' I said courage-ously;' and I am sure papa would like me to go and protect 'you.' Ah, me how little I knew when I spoke thus what need there would be for my help. Even mamma smiled, amused at my boyish manfi-ness—I was only eleveu, and the most delicate one in the party.

wrap up, then, Randie well, too. Get your papa to give you the bottle for Job, and we will start. Mind, Janet, and have tea ready at 5.'

Janet was the housekeeper; a very clever and im-

chose. It was hard watering and after several rains
Ernle discourp sed us by beginning to cry. We
were walking along a solitary country road. With
the exception of a covered cart and two pedestrians
we met to one. Sometimes there were more people
about, but that day it struck me as exceedingly 'I think Ernie had better return,' sald mamma

Ithink Ernie had better return, said mamma, just as ac were turning off the high road down a narrow lane to Greengage Manor. 'I have not much further to go. Randolph, you can take care of him.' I rebelied against the docree. It was very stupid of Ernest to be so babyish.

'He can walk,' I said grumblingly; 'and I want to go on with you. He ought not to have come.'

'My hands is so cold,' sobbed Ernest, 'and my feet hurt so; but I don't want to go back.'

'Take my muff, poor little fellow,' exclaimed mamma. 'I quite wish we had not come. How dreary and lonely everything looks. I had no idea people would be staying in their houses like this or I think we should have followed their examples.'

We had reached a pile of out-buildings, dreary whough in all conscience, without a soulenear; but the house was beyond, just round the ecrner, and there would be light, warmth and a hearty welcome there from good Farmer Longton or his stout cheery wife.

herry wife. 'I believe they are out,' exclaimed I suddenly, as 'I believe they are out,' exclaimed I suddenly, as me rounded the dreary pile of buildings. 'There is no ene to be seen, and no smoke coming from the chimney.' What made me so observant just then I cannot say, unless my senses were all sharpened by our cold and lonely walk. Mamma was just about to answer, when Ernest caught his feet against something and fell cryins bitterly. There was nothing to be done but to lift him up and start homeward again, and this I none too willingly preduced to do.

'There's a good Randolph,' encouraged mamma, take him home and get warm, both of you.'

Directly mamma was out of sight I picked Ernest
up and tugged along with him. He was a strong
child, and I a delicate one; but I wanted to hurry so tast I could return to mamma. I felt unac-countably uneasy about her. Luck befriended me that day. I had scarcely gone a vard on the high-way, when I heard a gig close behind, and turning

ant are you two youngsters looking so cold about, and why, Randolph, are you carrying Ernest in that way 'R' He was so cold and cross,' I replied, not enting to

R'He was so cold and cross,' I replied, not cating to enter into any explanations for fear I should be taken home too. 'Will you litt him up near you, papa? I have an errand at Greengage Manor,'
'Your namma should not have sent you, Randie—especially with Ernest. However, execute your commission speedily, and you will not be much behind us. It is lucky! was just called to Jephcott's.'
He drove away. I never stood to watch them, but ran as bard down the lane as I could. Panting and breathless I again rounded the dreary pile or buildings, and walked slowly the length of them to the farmhouse door, Greengage Manor was built in the shape of the two lmes of a triangle, the door just in the middle, where it verged to a point. I buildings, and walked slowly the length of them to the farmhouse door. Greengage Manor was built in the shape of the two lines of a triangle, the door just in the middle, where it verged to a point. I leoked about for mamma. Had she gone round to the front? There was a slight space for a path at the end of the farm—between it and a coal place. I was just about to make for it, when I saw that the back door was just ajar. Of course she had gone through there. A strange feeling of fear and duiness was on me—a feeling I had never experienced before. I could not tell why or wherefore, but I was beginning to feel very uneasy. The stillness was so protound, the want of life so depressing—not even the dog Dash bounding as usual to meet me. There was a mething very strange somewhere. Was it in myself, or in my surrounding it walked to the door and knocked at it—not if life because it was not. I supposed, required to sy-cheeked Nancy would hear the first tap and; answer it. Moreover, my fingers were numbed with the cold so that I could scarcely hold anything. No one came, Oh, that suspense; I listened for volces; surely I should catch mamma's; but no, there was nothing—not one sound. It was (most singular. Were they all in the front? But where was nancy? She was not milking the cows, for there was no one in the shed as I passed by. Suddenly a moan—faint and indistinct, yet plainly distinguishable to my listening ear—made me start. Oh, was it mamma? Frightened almost to death, yet brave for her, I waked in. The first object I stumbled over was poor Dash, quite dead. My heart stood still. I could not move. Who had killed him? and what for? Oh, where was mamma? I must find her. I tried to call out, and could not; my tongue clave to the very roof of my mouth. My feet likewise were speil-bound—immovable. How long I stood thus I cannot say, but the moan recalled me to my senses. Suppose that was our dear mother in need of help! How could I stand there and let her cry out? I

servant, the faithful, working friend of the Longtons, was there, tied, bound, gagged, in a chair; not sitting up, but lying on the floor, a quantity of blood streaming from a wound in his head. I stooped over him and spoke, but he gave me no answer. He was unconscious, nearly dead perhaps. I endeavored to lift him up, chair and all, but it was more than I could manage. What was I to do? Run away nd fetch help? Could I, date I cross that lonely yard again? Should I not be caught and murdered too? Still as it was, my hie was evidently in peril, and mamma, oh! where was she. I was on the point of flying when my ears caught the sound of a heavy footstep on the stairs. Another, and yet another after it. Terrilied and dismayed, sudden courage came to me. I could not fly. I had not strength, but I crawled under the sofa and lay there. It was a couch more than a sofa, covered with washing gingham, a valance hanging down nearly to the floor. The men, three han number, entered the room. Strong, mutal fellows, as I could see while lying in breathless peril there, though I do not believe that I was as trigntened at my fearful position then as I grew afterward. It takes the mind some time to realize acute danger.

'The old farmer and his wife are a long time coming,' said one fellow sullenly. 'You'd better have taken my advice and waylaid him on his road home.' 'I'gh, ugh,' laughed another—such an ugly laugh as I had never before heard—'jeopardized our lives for naught. Here we have them safe enough. No help can rossibly come. B'll, you fite at the master, and I will gag the missus.'

'I'll shoot 'em both,' replied the one called Bill; 'dead men tell no tales. We'll collect their money quickly, and make oft. This tellow here'—giving poor Job a kick with his thick boots—'is as tenacious as a turtle about his life. It's locky that I gave him a settler, or there's no telling what he'd 'ave done.'

'We'll, leave un alone,' now grumbled the man who had first spoken. A surly enough fellow, yet not without a feeling of compunctio

'He'll bleed to death if it's not stopped,' he said, after a pause, 'and then there'll be another to swing for. If I'd a known as there wor going to be mur-der done, I'd never a come. Lend us a 'kerchief, Bill.'

der done, I'd never a come. Land us a 'kerchief, Bill.'

Not I, you soft thing, Bob; we thowt as we'd brought a man wi' us to help in this job, but lawk if you're only a chicken you'd better'n go home. No risks, no spoils; ch, Dick?'

'That's my motter, 'agreed Dick. 'But we'd best get out; they'll happen come on us, instead of us on them.' And they walked out. My breath began to come a little more freely—just for the instant. I had no hope or thought beyond. As for my mother, all thought of her had, I verily believe, fied. 'Where is there some soft stuft to bind this fellow's head?' said the man who stayed behind, and whom one of the others had addressed as Lob. 'I dun no as I need mind, and yet he fought us all so pluckily that I feels a sort of admiration for him.'

This was spoken aloud, and might have been addressed to me, for the surly-looking fellow stood facing the coach, glaring at it. I was nearly stifled, and when a minute later he walked toward ma, I had hard work to prevent myself from screaming.

and when a minute later he walked toward me, I had hard work to prevent myself from screaming. Compunctions as were his feelings for Job, I had no hope that he would bestow the same forbearance on me. I was conscious—an eye-witness, and moreover had not called forth any admiration for my fluck. Neither, as I well knew, should I, if d'scovered, for I was almost dead with fright as it was. If I had had time to have thought, how I should have wished myself back in our cosy dining-room, busy with the girls in their pretty decorations. But I had no time. My eyes were fixed on the man. He stopped near me, his boots within a foot of my head. Was he going to stoop and lift the valance?

'Confound it' he exclaimed aloud, 'there's naught to be found soft enough. Ah, here! What's this It will do.'

My heart quite stopped. He was searching for My heart quite stopped. He was searching for some pieces of material. Would he discover me instead. When he said that he had found a piece that would do, my breath came again. He stooped and bandaged the man's head none too gently, and then, without raising him, passed out after the other two men. Now was my opportunity to get ap. But where was the use of moving? Might I not be discovered any moment? Besides, if Farmer Longton and his wife were killed, what would become of me? And mamma, oh yes, mamma. Where was she? I crept out and walked to the foot of the stnirs 'Mamma, mamma,' I cailed gently, 'where are you?' No answer came. Suppose another fellow should

No answer came. Suppose another fellow should be concealed upstairs, or the other three returned. 'Mamma, mahima,' I called again, but much more timidly that time. I was really beginning to feel dreadful. Would that I had driven home with papa. I was useless here, needes being almost beside myself with fear. I could not find mamma, and self-preservation is always strong within us. I was afraid to stay in the house with the sight of that unconscious man, meaning and ghastiy looking. In a sort of pity and dread, I surveyed him as I again passed through the room where he lay on to the kitchen where poor Dash's rigid form was still and cold. I might be meeting the three men coming back, but I did not seem to realize that. My object was to gain the fresh air, for I was stiffed and choking. I listened for a minute, and heard nothing. I peeped cautiously out, and saw no one. Which way had they gons? Perhaps on to the road to meet their intended victims, or round by the front to reconnoitre. Which was it? Aye, I could not tell. I only knew that I must get outside that dreadful house. Once my foot was on the doorstep; I felt no better. There was such a large space there; where could I hide—hide while the men reentered the heuse? And then, ah, then there was an idea dimly suggesting itself to my desse brain that perhaps I could make off and get help somewhers. While looking around, my eye caught sight of a sentine look reared up nearly against the side of the coal blace, its face from me. I knew that now Janet was the housekeeper; a very cover and portant one for her age, too.

A few minutes later, warmly equipped, mamma.

A few minutes later, warmly equipped, mamma.

I felt no better. There was such a large space there; where could I hide—hide while the men researly speaking quite a little man in his way; but entered the house? And then, ah, then there was entered the house? And then, ah, then there was now had fallen, and then the toe had taken it, an idea dimly suggesting itself to my decase brain an idea dimly suggesting itself to my decase brain that perhaps I could make off and get help somethese. It was hard walking, and after several falls chose. It was hard walking, and after several falls chose. It was hard walking and after several falls chose. While hooking around, my eye caught sight of a sentine box reared up nearly against the side of the coal place, its face from me. I knew that now had belonged to someone in the tarmer's family, and had belonged to someone in the tarmer's family, and of a sentine lox reared up hearly against the our the coal place, its face from me. I knew that sox had belonged to someone in the tarmer's family, and that he treasured it in a sort of a way, that is, though perfectly useless to him, he had never so far had it chopped up for fireweod. If I could reach that box I might find safety there. An they were returning, voices sounded on my ears. It needed but that to send me flying; fright lent me wings. Should I be in the sentinel box before anybody appeared in view! The chances seemed strongly against me, for if the men were coming from the front they must catch sight of me crossing the pathway between the house and the coal place. How my pulses beat as I thought of it. One step more. Thank goodness, they were not that way, and I was safe, safe, but what was the black figure cronching far inside! My heart gave a bound. I nearly fell sense less down, but a whisper aroused me. It was mamma, poor mamma. mamma, poor mamma,

wanton, poor mamma.

You here, she exclaimed affrightedly. Oh., Randie, I did hope that you and Ermie were safe.

Hush! hush!' I whispered, 'the men are walking about. They may be here any minute. Stay quiet, nother darling, and do not tremble so. I will take care of you.' I had hardly time to finish, voices were nearing us. gradually drawing nearer; not quiet voices either. They were fearless in their strength and orutality. Mamma shook to such an extent that I fearen she would betray us. On, and on they came. I quite gave myself up for lost. The men could not be a yard from us when they suddenly stopped.

'It's no use argylying any more,' said the one whom I recognized as Bob; 'there's leen sum un near here when we were ransacking upstairs, or else how comes it that this lady's hand fur should be down in the lane. It worn there when we came, and that I'm sure and certain on. Fact is, sum'uns been and smelt a rat, and gone out to tell, mayhav. Let's get our goods and be going. We do not want to be caught redhanded.'

They had found mamma's muft, which Ernie had perhaps dropped. Suppose it aroused their suspicion and made 'hem search. Yes, my lears were confirmed directly the next man spoke. As for poor mamma, I do not know how she managed to stand, or let the sentry box do so, so greatly did she tremble. I class ell her hand tightly, but I think she was scarcely aware of the fact. Indeed, it it were possible for anybody to be more alarwed than I was, foor mamma, in her weak state of health. 'You here,' she exclaimed affrightedly, 'Oh, Ran-

she was scarcely aware of the fact. Indeed, it it were possible for anybody to be more alarmed than I was, foor mamma, in her weak state of health,

was that person.

You great sorit,' ejaculated the brute who had keked Job's prostrate form, 'if anyhouy's been here they're here yet, hidden somewhere. They durain't make off after seeing enough to give the alarm. How could they know whereabouts we were, more especial a temale? They're mostly timid. Let's set to and find. Only I makes this

timid. Let's set to and find. Only I makes this reservation—let me wring their necks.'

Mamma clasped me, and I clasped her, breathlessly. We both felt that our hour had come. Indeed, I had almost spoken, so sure was I of discovery. But not yet. Near as they were to us, they never seemed to think of the sentry box. It was such a simple, unlikely place. They tramped among the coals, they hullaged alond, and all the while mamma and I clung desperately to each other just within a stone's throw. At last things grew quieter. I thought they had returned into the house. This was the moment I had been longing for. Were they really in I it was impossible to see, for, as has been before stated, our scarty box faced the dead wall—just a short space from it. We should have been discovered etherwise. Many times since I have thought that it was providentially put there, it was so fortunate, for had it been

should have been discovered otherwise. Many times since I have thought that it was providentially put there, it was so fortunate, for had it been up to the coal house wall we could not have got in, and had it been in any other position they must have seen us from one way or another. But lucky as it was that it gave them no chance of seeing us, it was awkward, inasmuch as it prevented our view. With the impulsive rashness of boyhood, I was just going to venture out when mamma pulled me closer and said tremblingly:

'Wait another moment, Randie; Randie, my beautiful boy. They are watching yet. Only one man has reentered the house. It is a ruse Hush? The men were outside speaking. 'There is nobody here. It's 'all your confounded fears, Bob. Let's prepare for the farmer. Ha! ha! we will give him a warm reception. A red Christmas, and no mistake.' I shuddered at the significance of their speech, but I was trying to brace myself up again. The narrow escape I had had made me timid and fearful. 'Mamma,' I whispeled soizing ber hand and kissing it, 'I am going to try and bring help. They—may catch me—and—and kill me, but if they do I shall not—not mind—so very much.' Here I gulped down a sob as I thought of home life and its sweetness. 'I shall do—my best—to bring succor.' speil-bound—immovable. How long I stood thus I cannot say, but the moan recalled me to my senses. Suppose that was our dear mother in need of help! How could I stand there and let her cry out? I must go and see. Leaving the kitchen, I stole into the next room; and then what an object met my view! No mamma was there; but Job, the man-sakes. God bless you, boy. He will I know,

watch over you, for we niways trust in Him; don't we, Randolph, dear. I know I feel that you will reach home in safety. I have prayed for it, and if I am caught—found out here, dear boy—give my love to them at home, and say God knows boat. I was choking too much to anewer. The stillness continued awfal in its way, though not so bad as those voices had been, when they gradually neared as

continued awfal in its way, though not so bad as those voices had been, when they gradually neared us.

'Which way should I venture?' I asked; 'round through this pathway to the front, or round by the back again?' And my heart sank with dread as I inwardly recognized how great were my chances of being caught.

'Your best way, Randolph,' replied mamma, running her finger through my hair caressingly, as if she were loth to part with me, yof recognized the necessity nevertheless, 'is to slip along straight with this coal place, wind behind the out-buildings, so that they cannot see you from the house; then when you reach the lane run for your life. Run to papa, dear, and tell him to bring succor quickly-Plenty of men and firearms. Tell them they hay desperate men to contend with. Good-by, my boy-Do not be afraid. I know you will succeed.

'I am not afraid,' I replied dauntlessly, crushing down every feeling. 'I am off,' and out I went. The first feeling I had was that I could not run, but then I was off like a shot. I flew, each minute increasing rather than diminishing my pace. Once as I ran along the lane I fancied I saw two eyes glaring through the hedge. I gave a scream and hurried on, bu. as no one pursued I concluded it was only the distorted effects of a vivid imagination. Ere I reached the lane ond I cogitated which was the best way to take when I reached the highroad. Truly, my mother had enjoined me to get papa's and the village assistance; but meanwhile, while the best way to take when I reached which was the best way to take when I reached the highroad. Truly, my mother had enjoined me to got papa's and the village assistance; but meanwhile, while so doing, the farmer and his wife might return—be robbed and murdered. Which course should I take I riome in half a mile, or the other way, with the chause of meeting Farmer Lougton any moment, or else having to go on for miles? I do not know which way I should have gone, but as I loft the lane I saw two workmen—common laborers—returning home toward the village. I should to them, all fears for myseif from that moment gone, It was so nics to set eyes on any kindly human being with strength. For some time they did not hear me, but I ran and called until I made them hear.

'Deakin! Wilkinson!' over and over again until they turned.

'Master Randolph, what is the matter?' asked Deakin. I explained as well as I could in a few words, begging them to call papa and someous elso to go with them. They would have gone straight to Greengage Manor—let it be told to their credit—but I did not encourage it. They were unprotected, and mamma said I was to prepare papa for desperate men.

'You will do this for me! I begged earnestly.

but I did not encourage it. They were unprotected, and mamma said I was to prepare papa for desperate men.

'You will do this for me? I begged earnestly; and be as quick as ever you can, for mamma is frightened nearly to death.' They promised readily, and I was off to meet the farmer in a contrary direction. On on I went such a way, until at last I quits began to think that I had missed them. I must have gone two miles, and thinking that night would be overtaking me, and my quest useless. I was on the point of tuning, when I thought I saw a conveyance coming. I was right. There was a vehicle coming lumbering on, which, as it improached more nearly, I saw as Farmer Longton's shandry. With a giad shout I welcomed them, bungling out my strange news as rapidly as I could. The farmer's jolly face went redder than ever, it possible.

'Poor Job half killed,' he exclaimed angrily, 'and an attack to be made on me and you—ch, missus! Not so essay as they expect, perhaps. Come in here, Master Randolph; bless you, sir. I am sorry about it all. You and your ma will be frightened nearly to death. We will drive on quicker. Come up, Sail,' and be whipped the gray mare with vigor. Sall was amazed at the unusual slash, and started off quickly. Mrs. Longton, good soul, made room for me between her and the farmer, wrapping me up in the folds of her capacious shaw!

'But you must not drive home.' I exclaimed breathlessly, until you see if help has come. There are three such desperate men there, and one has promised to shoot you and Mrs. Longton. Papa and more men will be arriving to belo, and—and—I broke down. I could not say all I would.

'There are two, Master Randie, as can come that game,' declared Mrs. Longton proudly. 'My husband's been prepared for an attack many a long day. I can help too, and we will go and see what we can do. There's one counfort, we've no money about us, even if we should be shot. Nancy's gone home; that's a good thing, foor lass; and then there's Job'll want looking after. Oh! my! I am a rry about forge

Steady latiner, not consider the type of the sangry.

Farmer and Mis. Longton were of the type of the good old-fashioned farmer, dying rapidly out. Hard-working, industrious people, kindly to everywhere rich yet unascuming. I liked them imports the consideration of the consideration of the consideration of the constant of the consta

Farmer and Mis. Longton were of the type of the good old-fashioned farmer, dying rapidly out, flard-working, industrious people, kindly to everyhody, rich yet unascuming. I liked thom immensely, but I was in a dreadful state of mind as I thought of the danger they were encountering in venturing near Greengage Manor again. Besides, if they were burt, what better would mamma be? You must not venture near the farm slous. (22) you must not venture near the farm slous. (22) you must not! begged earnestly. 'Not notif the villagers have arrived.'

'I am dring to have a shot at them, and that's the truth,' exclaimed Farmer Longton. 'Let me get there first and pay them out for their impedence, alarming and injuring honest folk. My fingers fair itch to be pulling the trigger.' And so all my entreaties were powerless. The farmer either was not frightened or would not let himself be, and it was easy to see that Mrs. Longton thought more of his word than of anybody else's, and relied on his opinion accordingly. However, I might have saved myself all anxieties, We drove up to the house without the slightest interruption. No birutal faces, no harsh voices, and more, no slots to greet us; and when we reached the door papa met "You have had a narrow escape,' he exclaimed.

'You have had a narrow escape,' he exclain 'Thank goodness you are safe. It is all right Randie, my boy; mamma, too; and the follows captured.'

I'm real sorry to hear it,' said Mr. Longton

I'm real—sorry to—hear it,' said Mr. Longton, throwing down the rems and getting out. 'Keal sorry. Your hand, missus. I'd liked to have nad a shot at them myself. There's my wife, bless her she's gone in to see how Job is; but law, how I should have fiked to have peppered the wretches.'

It is better as it is,' replied papa. 'They were notorious thieves; desperate fellows, who stopped at noting—two of them at any rate, and the third not much better. Ah, Randie, go in and see mamma. She is lying down near a substantial fire. I see you are all impatience to be off.

I needed no second bidding, but bolted into the very room where, a few hours before, Job's prostrate form had late, but was now gone; and where also I had hidden in mortal fear of my life. The place was very different now. There were plenty, of the villagets sympathetically looking on, women as well as men. A cheertul fire burned in the grate but I scarcely policed that. I looked at the sofa, and rushed to mamma.

'My heave boy, my good Kandie,' she exclaimed,

or the viniagers sympathetic and to be the viniagers of the viniagers sympathetic and the soft of the viniagers of vin

We did not leave until after tea, but for that day and many another we were looked upon as great helices. I do not remember whether the wenderful turkey turned up after all; but I knaw this, that then and ever since we have been tinly grateful for our marvelous escape.—[Manchester Times.

HOW HALLEY WEIGHED BRITAIN.

J. E. Tharoid Rogers in Notes and Justices.

In 1692 Edmund Halley, the celebrated astronomer, was consulted by a friend as to the acreage of England and Wales. His process was very ortifical. He took the best map of England which be could get, cut out the part which represented the land, weighed it, and compared the weight with that of an inen taken from the middle of the map, the contre of which was a point equidistant from King's Lynn and the mouth of the Severn. He found that the land, with the islands of Wight, Anglesey and Man, was four times the weight of his circle. His calculation gave him 38,660,000 acres. He then in the same manner cut out and weighed the several counties. He found, after carefully diving the pieces—the humbidity of the air was the great difficulty in his calculation—that 40,000 acres weighed a grain. The above note is a singular illustration of the manner in which, before a proper survey, an able mathematician tried to solve a difficult problem. The actual acreage is, excluding the Isle of Man, 37,319,221; and Halley pleads that he should be licensed to the extent of a million acres or so, especially as he had to include rivers and roads.

A country debating society is nerving itself up to wrestle with the questlop: "When a woman and a mouse meet which is the most trightened t"—[Oil City Derrick.